

After enlisting in the army in the spring of 1941 Nat's traveling really began. Six months of Maneuvers brought him back to Fort Bragg at the time of Pearl Harbor. Then came Hartford, Fort Dix, Panama, the island of Tonga-Tau, where he was promoted to the rank of Corporal in the anti-aircraft unit; six months in the New Hebrides Islands group, ten days on Guadalcanal, and then Munda in the Solomons, where Nat saw his first real action. He remained with his unit in Munda for eighteen months, then was sent to New Guinea for another two months. About this time the army decided that Nat had had enough military life abroad so he was shipped to San Francisco, landing there on April 21. Nat says this was really a day to remember: his first glimpse of American soil for almost three years. Following his discharge, Nat returned to Black Mountain and his old job with the College. Nat helps Malrey with the cooking on Tuesdays when it is George's and Cornelia's day off.

He would like to take advantage of the educational benefits of the G.I. Bill and learn a new trade, but as yet he hasn't made up his mind as to just what that trade would be.

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--Jimmie Tite

#### EDITORIAL...

It will always be in the core of man to ask questions. He wants to know; to know where his place is in society, how he can help to change it for the better. He wants to hope, for without hope his is dead. Yet the more his questions are answered the more hurt and bewildered and disgusted he may become. For the answers he receives will only show how much is not known; will only tell him what he is expected to believe in; will, in some cases, ask him to adopt a creed and live according to it.

On many sides he will be hammered at by the diverse ideologies that men believe in. And if he accepts one as the nearest to the truth, he may think, "This is it; all my questions can now be answered; at last I have my place." But soon certain discrepancies are cut in the fabric, certain doubts are in him, and a once great dream is shattered. For it may be he will have to examine himself, turn inside out and ask himself what is the truth for him. He finds that he cannot project himself into a system and accept blandly and blankly anymore. He finds out what honesty is for himself, what is true for him, not just for an ideology. He has reached the stage where he can wake up and find that he can believe in a system, a system of truths inside himself on which he can build his own liberalism and still be a part of society.

He wants a utopia as he will always want one. He wants to keep that vision that he has labored so hard to formulate. And he works for it while he keeps that dream in his mind. If it could ever be attained in the concrete, if it could become a workable system in all its phases, he would reject it. For he must dream to be alive. If once his dream became a scientific result it would be shattered as much as the ideology he had discarded before. His dreams are his hopes and aspirations and life.

His dream is one of a democracy. Not a democracy to sustain the status quo, for his belief, his will to see it exist would be a sham; nor a democracy where the worker has priority, for this very priority would create a new class that in itself would be parasitic; would create as much mal-adjustment in society as we have today. His dream entailed a new start for a nucleus of idealists who would accept the challenge to make it work for the good of all. The worker, the middle class, the capitalist, the exploited and the exploiter would have their ultimate full part, all with equal